

Wendy

by Harriett

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Summary: A girl named Wendy is getting a surprise on her birthday

Wendy

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>
 A/N: this is my first story. Hope you like it.

>

>

Disclaimer: I own the following.... Wendy, Mr. and Mrs. Roswelle, Gwen and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. JK ROWLING owns the rest.**

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>

My eyes opened to reveal a room filled with early morning sunlight. Looking at the clock on my mahogany bed table, I saw that it was only 5:57 in the morning. I groaned, and rolled out of my soft, queen sized, crimson and cyan bed. I stretched my 4 foot 9 inch frame as tall as my bone structure could go. That meant a total of 5 feet tall. I got dressed in a pair of dark blue jean short shorts, and a plain white tiny tee-shirt and all the under stuff. My basic out fit. I brushed my long waist length brown hair and put it up in a messy bun. I popped in my contacts in to my large green eyes. I started the daily ritual of making my bed and picking up my clothes that were strewn about my room. When I was done with this little task, I sat down on my nicely made bed and thought about what I was going to do today.

>
 Finally, a nice normal day I thought. Yeah right. My raven, named Jessie swooped through my open window. She was carrying a letter addressed to Wendy Maria Roswelle. "Oh joy of all joys, I got a letter from someone!" I muttered under my breath. I opened the envelope and drew out the letter.

>

> Wendy,
>
 Hey girl! Waz up?? I'm SO bored! What are you doing? Can you get your Dad to let you come over? Please? Call me later if you can, Better yet just show up with a bag of food and a bag of clothes. SEE YA LATER!

>
 Luv ya!

>
 Gwen

>

> Gwen is my best friend in the world. I live with my Dad, Dr. Robert Roswelle. My Mum died in 1991 when I was 8 years old, she was shot in the chest in a Drive by Shooting in the United States. I'm 10 now, soon to be 11. I can hardly wait.

> I bounded down the stair case, through the white and green carpeted living room and finally into the kitchen, where I found my Dad. He looked overjoyed. His dark brown hair was looked as it usually did, cut so that the sides were close to his head and the top was a little longer. His dark brown eyes were glowing. He was grinning, a grin that I had never seen before. He was wearing navy blue polo shirt and a pair of jeans. He never wears jeans. He was scaring me now.

> He suddenly stood up, causing his chair to crash into the wall. I was now fully freaked out. I had never seen him act this way. He was usually calm, cool and collected. He stood towering over me at 6 feet 7 inches tall. He finally said, "Wendy! You'll never believe what happened!" I was confused, "What ?" I asked. "Remember those yearbooks of mine from school you were looking through last week?" I nodded. "Well that guy you pointed out, Sirius Black? He is a convicted murder and has broken outta jail!" After he said this, I was shocked. Dad was grinning. He was looking WAY too happy.

> I yelled, " HE BROKE OUT OF FREAKIN PRISON AND YOUR HAPPY? HE IS A CONVICTED MURDER AND HE'S ON THE LOOSE? HOW THE HELL CAN YOU BE HAPPY? HAVE YOU TOTALLY LOST YOU MIND?!" He looked at me with that glint in his eyes. " Yes, I have totally lost it. To the point where I am glad that one of my friends has broken out of jail." He said grinning. I asked, "Can I go to Gwen's house to stay over night?" He said "Sure honey, pack every thing, and be careful." I replied with "Well, your commin' with me if this guy is on the loose!"

> At 7:00 am, I found myself with my Dad walking the familiar path to Gwen's house, carrying a pack of chips and a huge bottle of Diet Pepsi. Diet because I am Diabetic. I also had a bag containing clothes, a blood meter, insulin, syringes and inhalers for asthma. We finally arrived at Gwen's home not hearing from Mr. Black. Gwen herself answered the door. Gwen's thick black hair was pulled away from her small face in a French braid. Her ice blue eyes were behind her huge black glasses. (Think Drew Carey) Gwen's full name is Gwenavere Anne Fuller. Her Mum was standing behind her and greeted me with "How nice to see you again, Wendy! Hello Rob. Please make yourself at home." I smiled at her.

> Gwen lead me up to her room and turned on the on her CDRadio player. The Beach Boy's song 'Surfin' USA (It's playing on the radio now) we sang along with the radio. Her parents left us alone and only came up when we were screaming and were tossing pillows at each other. Being the daring people that the Fuller's are they joined in.

>
 After an hour, Gwen and I decided to go to her back yard where they had a swimming pool. The next size was Olympic sized. I went into Gwen room and put on my bikini. I wrapped my neon orange and yellow towel around my waist that matched my bikini perfectly. My Dad had gone home. We swam around for a while. I heard a rustling in the

bushes. I told Gwen and she called for her Dad.

>
 Mr. Fuller came out, unarmed. He went over to the bushes, his black hair blowing slightly with the breeze. He pulled away the bushes yelled out. "It's a dog, no identification, though."

>
 He cautiously led the dog out of the bushes. The dog was thin and looked like it had been through a war zone. Mr. Fuller checked the dog over and being a veterinarian, said he was okay except for a few cuts.

>
 This dog, after a full inspection from Mr. Fuller went back on his way. He went north.

>
 The next day we had a party. It was my eleventh birthday. About halfway through my little party, an owl arrived, with a letter for me. The letter was addressed to me in green ink. The letter said:

>

>
 HOGWARTS SCHOOL _of_ WITCHCRAFT _and_ WIZARDRY

> Headmaster: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE
 (Order of Merlin First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)____

>

Dear Miss Roswelle:

> We are pleased to inform you that you have been
 accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and

> Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary
 books and equipment. Term begins on september 1.

> We await our owl by no later than July 31.

> Yours Sincerely,

> Minerva McGonagall

> Minerva McGonagall,

> Deputy Headmistress

>

> I showed the letter to my Dad. He was grinning. "Wendy, that year book you were looking at was from Hogwarts, you are a pure blooded witch. Your mother was a witch, and I am a Wizard. It was not a gun that killed your mother, it was an evil, dark wizard called Voldemort." When he said the name Voldemort, a few people gasped.

>
 "If I am a witch, then where are my magic powers? I asked.

"You remember the time that chair broke when you were mad? You were at least ten feet away from it. That was magic." Dad told me.

>
 Gwen asked a question "Mum? Am I a witch?" Mrs. Fuller replied, "We have to wait until your birthday. Then we can find out." Gwen looked very happy. Her birthday was in two days.

>
 My party ended after I got my letter. As far as presents go I got, a new Beach Boys CD, a new tee shirt, and about \$100 in cash, about \$190 in checks.) (All sources of money amounts are from what I get.)

>
 Two days later I went with my Dad to Gwen's house for her party, she was grinning and holding her Hogwarts acceptance letter! We were SO happy! we shrieked in total joy! We were going to Hogwarts together! We both agreed that this was the best possible birthday present we could receive.

>
 About a week later, Dad took us all to a place called 'The Leaky Cauldron' which turned out to be a old pub. Tom, the bartender, told Dad, "Same as always, three up two across."

>
 We went through the back door, to an old alley. He tapped the brick 3 up and 2 across from a trash can. The coolest thing happened,

a gateway like thing opened up in front of my eyes! Dad went through. I went through, Gwen and her parents did also.

>
 Dad took out a list of supplies. "First we gotta go to Gringotts, the place is run by goblins."

>
 My jaw dropped "Goblins?"

>
 Dad was grinning now, "Yup, goblins."

>
 We reached a towering white marble building. I noticed a warning cut in to the marble. It read:

> **

> **_ __ _Enter , stranger, but take heed

> Of what awaits the sin of greed,
 For those who take, but do not earn,

> Must pay most dearly in their turn,
 So if you seek beneath our floors

> A treasure that was never yours,
 Thief, you have been warned. because

> Of finding more than treasure there.
 **_

> __Dad turned to all of us and said, "You would have to be a mental case to try and rob this place."_

>
 _Mr. and Mrs. Fuller nodded in agreement. Dad looked just like a little kid in a candy store. We enter the strange place and a goblin came up to us and said "Vault?"

>
 My Dad said " Roswelle and Fuller."

>
 "Keys?" the goblin asked.

>
 Dad showed the goblin a pair of keys. The goblin took them and scrutinized them. The goblin finally said "Everything checks out okay." He then called to another goblin to take us to the vaults. After a rockin' trip to and from the vaults, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller looked a little green. Dad escorted them out.

>
 After the Fuller's were looking better, we all went into a crummy looking store called 'Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 b.c' We stepped through the door and I felt something staring at me. I looked up and into a pair of misty gray eyes.

>

> Well you can guess who the eyes belong to DUH! Review and flames are always welcome. I prefer reviews, Not flames. <fido> <fido>

End
file.